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Prices that defy competition
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NEW CARPETS.
243 ROLLS
IMPORTED DIRECT FROM THE BEST
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All the novelties of the present season. All qualities from the cheapest to the best.
Goods marked in plain figures at the lowest living prices.
The most wonderful value ever shown.
Carpets matched and cut to order free—
40 ends and pieces last seasons Carpets will be sold at a great reduction.
Remember we are headquarters for Carpets and all kinds of House-furnishing Goods.
Please examine before placing your spring orders.

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Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
ITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,
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Repairing, in all its branches, done at short notice.

TINWARE,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
P I Q R I X S Q U A E , F ' T O N .

(Continued.)
his knife to the throat of his own one son. Last week He came to the parents of a young man in another province, and out of their hands He rudely took him by an awful providence, and flung him head long into eternity—flung him there with a dreadful crime upon his soul. Oh what a trial to parents who believe in the innocence of their child! Oh what a darkness around their home and hearts! And there are other ways He comes to other homes and other hearts—ways more or less trying.
Let us not think some strange unheard of wee has fallen upon us, if our child is torn from us. Out of our trial God will lead us, even as He led Abraham, and when we come to know all about it, we will see that he was kind and wise. To some he gives back their Isaac when they have given him up for lost, dead; but others have only a memory, a white gravestone, a little mound. Yonder, however, in the Beyond, they find their lost one, bright and blessed, and all is made plain. Thus, let us not shrink from the great trials that are to try our faith, for Jehovah-Jireh will see us through, and in a way that will do honor to himself, and be a good to us. It is a living sacrifice He wants to-day; not dead sons, but living sons, He ever wants. There is death, and hast to be death, alas! but He likes it not, and would be glad to spare us. His word is, 'why will ye die?' Oh let us see here, how God would spare us, how He would shield our homes, and give back our Isaacs from off His altar to be more than ever ours and His.

[The above sermon is one of a Series on the Life of Abraham. The series as delivered will be published in this paper.]

Our Story.
OUR FIRST QUARREL.

A day or two with Aunt Fanny was the panacea for the family, from father down to six-year-old Charlie. If any one of us was bilious or cross, a visit to the farmhouse would restore us to our normal condition, else we were pronounced incorrigible.
Aunt Fanny was father's sister. She had never married, and had always lived on the home farm, which she managed as well as most men could have done. She was a charming middle-aged lady, exceedingly cheery and vivacious, nor would she tolerate 'the dumps' in anybody. She always had a pleasant room in her well-filled house ready for ailing members of our family. She gave us delicious things to eat, and altogether entertained us in a regal manner.
On this occasion she received me, as usual, with open arms. She was engaged in looking over a trunk full of old papers for a missing culinary recipe. I immediately proffered my assistance, and, seating myself on the floor, plunged my hand recklessly into the trunk, and drew out a lapful of old letters.
What does it say on the paper, Aunt Fan? I asked.
Mrs. Brown's mince-meat, I believe. Bless me, child, it isn't among those letters!
I was in the act of undoing an interesting looking package tied with a blue ribbon.
Oh, Aunt Fan, what are they? I said. Love letters, I do believe! How my fingers burn! Mayn't I look at one of them?
Yes, I s'pose you may read them all if you like. There's nothing in them that I'm ashamed of.
I was not slow in availing myself of the permission. They were very affectionate effusions, beginning with such epithets as My beloved Fan, Dearest, My own precious darling. I had a bundle of letters very much like them at home in my own trunk. I thought with a sigh that Bert wouldn't be apt to write to me that way again for some time.
They are splendid letters, Aunt Fan, I volunteered after I had read two or three. What became of him? Didn't you like him?
There were actually tears in Aunt Fan's eyes as she answered,—
Well, you see, dearie, we had a little misunderstanding, and we said some rather hard things to each other, all about nothing. Another young man was trying to make himself agreeable, and I encouraged him a little just for fun. John was furiously jealous. I acted indifferent and he thought I didn't care anything about him; so he started straight off without saying a word to me, and went to driving logs on a river up north. He wrote me a letter—it's the one you just took up—and told me how much he had always thought of me, and that he wished me happiness whoever I married. I wrote back directly the best letter that I could, but it never reached him. He was crushed under the logs the day that I wrote.
Oh, Aunt Fan, said I, wiping my eyes, how dreadful! How can you seem so happy always?
It wasn't easy at first, but one can learn to do many things, you know.

Auntie, I said, suddenly rising from the floor, I quarrelled with Bert last night, and I must go home this minute and make up.
Aunt Fan looked up in surprise and uttered a faint protest.
Can't you wait a day or two? He wouldn't go to driving logs, you know.
I shook my head.
He might walk off the ferry-boat before it was fastened, and get drowned, or— or some one might murder him.
But it rains.
I must go any way, I said decidedly. I will borrow your umbrella.
In five minutes I was on my way to the railway station. In twenty-five minutes I was hurrying up the three flights of stairs to Bert's office. Bert was a fledgling lawyer. When I entered he was writing at his desk; he glanced around, and his face showed unutterable amazement.
Will you forgive me, Bert? I panted, I was very much out of breath.
Forgive you? Certainly, he said, making a gesture of reconciliation with both arms. But I would sooner have expected the Bartholdi statute to walk in and ask my pardon.
After his surprise was over he magnanimously condescended to implore my forgiveness for various trifles, such as scowling at me and crushing my millinery. We mutually forgot and forgave, nor did we disagree again until we were safe within the pale of matrimony.

AUNTY PARSON'S STORY.

I told Hezekiah—that's my man. People mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but he never gets any deaconing from me. We were married—Hezekiah and Amariah—that's going on forty years ago, and he's Hezekiah to me, and nothing more.
Well, as I was saying, says I: Hezekiah we aren't right. I am sure of it. And he said: Of course not. We are poor sinners, Amy; all poor sinners. And I said: Hezekiah, this poor sinner talk has gone on long enough. I suppose we are poor sinners, but I don't see any use of being mean sinners; and there's one thing I think is real mean.
It was just after breakfast; and as he felt poorly, he hedn't gone to the shop yet, and so I had this little talk with him to sort of chirp him up. He knew what I was comin' to, for we had had the subject up before. It was our little church. He always said: The poor people, and what should we ever do? And I always said: We never shall do nothing unless we try. And so when I brought the matter up in this way, he just began bitin his toothpick, and said. What's up now? Who's mean? Amariah, we oughtn't to speak evil one of another. Hezekiah always says, poor sinners, and doesn't seem to mind it; but when I occasionally say mean sinners he somehow gets uneasy. But I was started and I meant to free my mind.
So I said, says I: I was going to confess our sins. Dan'l confessed for all his people, and I was confessin' for all our little church.
Truth is, says I, ours is allus called one of the 'feeble churches,' and I am tired about it. I've raised seven children, and at fourteen months old every boy and girl of them could run alone. And our church is fourteen years old, says I, and it can't take a step yet without somebody to hold on by. The Board helps us, and General Jones, good man, he helps us—helps too much, I think—and so we live along, but we do not seem to grow strong. Our people draw their rations every year as the Indians do up at the agency; and it doesn't seem sometimes as if they ever thought of doing any thing else.
They take it so easy, I said. That's what worries me. I do not suppose we could pay all expenses, but we might act as if we wanted to, and as if we meant to do all we can.
I read, says I, last week about the debt of the Board; and this week, as I understand, says I, our application is going in for another year, and no particular effort to do any better, and it frets me. I can't sleep nights; and I can't take comfort Sundays. I've got to feeling as if we were a kind of perpetual paupers. And that was what I meant when I said, it is real mean! I suppose I said it a little sharp, says I, but I'd rather be sharp than flat any day; and if we don't begin to stir ourselves, we shall be flat enough before long, and shall deserve to be. It grows on me. It has just been 'board, board, board,' for fourteen years, and I'm tired of it. I never did like boarding, says I; and, even if we are poor, I believe we might do something toward setting up house-keeping for ourselves.
Well, there's not many of us; about a hundred I believe; and some of these is women folks, and some is just boys and girls. And we all have to work hard and live close; but, says I, let us show a disposition, if nothing more, Hezekiah, if there's any sperret left in us, let us show some sort of disposition.
(Concluded next issue.)

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NEW GOODS.
Spring 1888.

WHITE COTTONS,
UNBLEACHED COTTONS,
SHEATINGS, TOWELS
AND TOWELLING,
STAIR OIL CARPETS,
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Having to vacate the store in Fisher's Building first of May, and having no room for the goods in my New Store, I have come to the conclusion to clear out the stock in the Fisher Building at a great sacrifice.
Call and see the goods and be convinced that I am selling them at prices never known before in the city.

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25 Heavy Tweed Suits, \$6.00—regular price, \$12.
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Call early and select the best bargains as the stock must be sold out.

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All goods mentioned under this head will be sold for half their value. Call and see and hear the sweet tone—the celebrated Wm. Bell Organ, Mason & Hamlin, Smith American, New American Sewing Machine, No. 7, New Household, made in Providence, R. I. New Home made in Boston Mass. New Royal A. Light Running, Royal, & large stock of the New Raymond, large arm takes the lead of all. Call at

D. McCATHERIN'S.

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'87 Winter Arrangement '88

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express 7.30 a. m.
Accommodation 11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex 1.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec 1.30 p. m.
A Sleeping car will run 18.0
train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Halifax and Quebec 7.00 a. m.
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Accommodation 12.30 p. m.
Day Express 1.20 p. m.

Special trains run by Eastern Standard time.
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Low Rates
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LADIES' DRESS GOODS in Cashmeres, Serges, Suitings, and Stuff Goods in all desirable shades and colors, Velvets, Plushes, Jerseys, Shawls, Squares, Scarfs, Corsets, Hose, Gloves, Men's, Youths' and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing, Coats, Vests, Pants and Underclothing, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds and Worsted Coatings, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Ties, Shirts, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Braces. Also, Grey and White Cottons, Paints, Tackles, Ducks, Drills, Swansdowne, Table Linens, Towellings, Cottons Warps, Flannels, all colors, Blankets, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Carpets etc. Horse Blankets, Sleigh Robes, Trunk and Valises.
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